

The Patient Wife betrayed;  
O R,  
The Lady *Elizabeths* Tragedy.

Which was acted between a Knight her Husband, and a wicked Woman his Whore.

To the Tune of, *Chevy Chase*, or *The Lady Izabells Tragedy*.



**O**f Turky lately I did read  
concerning of a Knight,  
How that a Whore did him intice  
to kill his hearts delight.

This man it seems was well belov'd  
by many a gallant Peer,  
And for his sake there lives they'd lose  
he was belov'd so dear.

A virtuous wife belike he had  
with beauty fresh and gay,  
Who gave him twenty thousand pound  
upon her Wedding day.

They lov'd each other very well  
and liv'd a happy Life,  
In four years space three pretty babes  
he had by this his wife.

But at the last a lewd Woman  
his company did keep,  
Which made his Wife & children small  
with grieved hearts to weep.

Quoth the fair Knight I love you dear  
but yet my heart do rue,  
Because your Wife do envy me  
for loving you so true.

Then presently the Knight he said  
I pray that be content,  
And of my wife be not afraid  
the blame I will prevent.

With that he goes unto his Wife  
and beats her very sore,  
And make his Lady pardon crave  
for offending of his Whore.

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**H**e made his Lady give consent  
that she should with him dwell,  
And charg'd his servants to content  
this Whore which he lov'd well.

This Harlot she so brazen was  
and clearly bold of face,  
That she to bed with him would go  
before his Ladies face.

And thus poor soul this Lady she  
durst not her grief declare,  
Because this Whore would pinch her  
and pull her by the hair. (Act 5)

She could not yet contented be  
with this same harmful Whore,  
But she did study and devise  
to take away her life.

Sir Knight your wife can't you abate  
nor me therefore I pray  
Let us together both consent  
to take her life away.

With that the Knight did straight reply  
to it I do agree,  
But I do fear if it be known  
we both shall hang'd be.

But she did bid him straight go home  
and to her thus declare,  
That she must walk along with him  
in the fields to take the air.

His wife then ready did her make  
and joyful was at this,  
That she did hang about his neck  
and gave him many a kiss.

Then walked they both to a wood,  
whereas his Harlot lay  
And when they came near to the place  
he from her ran away.

Then did this Whore come running forth  
out of the wood with speed,  
With a sharp dagger in her hand  
to act a cruel deed.

The Lady to see her was amaz'd  
arm'd with Dagger and Knife  
Which make her mournfully to cry  
for Gods sake save my life.

But she no pity on her took  
though she did beg and crie  
She presently did cut her throat  
and made the ditch her grave.

This passed on for two long years  
with feuces that he made,  
Which made his Harlot often say  
we shall not be betray'd.

But now one Day they merry was  
with wine and costly cheer,  
Then presently a Ghost came in  
which put them all in fear.

And to this Knight she straight ways went  
and thus to him did say,  
Because that thou betray'st my life  
thou shalt with me away.

His friends & acquaintance being their  
and Henry great King  
Did see this Knight carry'd away  
and never heard of more.

But when this Whore to trial came  
the Jury did agree,  
That she should be chained to a stake  
and so burn'd presently.

Thus you do hear what Whores can do  
if they can have their will,  
They'll strive to plot all that they can  
all modesty to kill.